

Black Bear

"Black Bear"

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In the woods, in the mountains there's a good place to
begin
The song about a black bear living in his black bear den
Doing all the black bear things a black bear just might
do
I hope in my next lifetime I could be a black bear too

And here comes black bear now, crashing through the
brush
Unfazed by thorns and branches that would hurt me to
the touch
In pursuit of some small animal, the food chain is a
truth
And the bear has the advantage of the massive claw
and tooth

But he'll also stop for berries or honey from the bees
Or nuts that he can shake down from the canopy of
trees
And afterwards he'll have his choice from any stream
to drink
While I'll fill up another cup from my old kitchen sink

And if he wants he'll have a nap and dream his black
bear dreams
And I could only dream of black I dream I drink from
streams
And as he sleeps he hears a breeze and knows that he
is safe
While I'm sleeping with the fan on to drown out my lack
of faith

The simplicity of solitude it's a hard thing to perfect
Stealing happiness from loneliness is not a simple theft
A black bear has it figured out and gets what he
deserves
And the fur that he is wearing is the fur that he prefers

And when he stared across the river into my eyes it
made me shiver
And I knew that it was lovely to have a black bear
thinking of me

And when he thinks, he is thoughtful and when he rests
he is restful
And when he runs he runs the fastest he spins the
earth right on it's axis

And that's his gift to all showing us the sun
Keeping time for everyone a steady beating drum
And all the dirt he bounds upon he'd leave his heavy
track
That is deep when he is young and blue but deepest
when he's black

Cause colour for the black bear is a synonym for age
If I were one then I'd be in my cinnamon phase
Instead I am 22 and the decades weight a ton
This new century's essentially a bullet from the gun

It takes coffee pots that cost a lot just to stay abreast
But coffee hits my sense of loss and makes a nervous
wreck
The simplicity of solitude is a hard thing to perfect
Stealing happiness from loneliness is not a simple theft

But the black bear has it figured out and gets what he
deserves
And the fur that he is wearing is the fur that he prefers

And when he stared across the river in to my eyes it
made me shiver
And I knew that it was lovely to have a black bear
thinking of me
And when he thinks, he is thoughtful and when he
rests, he is restful
And when he runs, he runs the fastest spins the earth
right on it's axis

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